

Straight Talk

In the course of his official report of the police department for the year 1913 made to the mayor and board of commissioners Chief Grant said:

"In my last annual report I stated that there were no known houses of prostitution, gambling houses or opium dens. Some sought to make it appear that I had said that there were no violators of the law along those lines, which was manifestly unfair, but I desire to reiterate the claim that there are no known places of this kind."

Further along in the same report the Chief said, "Gambling is being watched as closely as possible and a great number of arrests have been made, but no gambling places are known to exist."

The calm and bland effrontery with which you make those statements in your official capacity, Chief, would be something beyond comprehension if citizens did not know you so well and had not known you at an earlier time in this city when you were consorting with those whom you chose to favor as soon as you got in your present position by giving them nice warm berths in the police department. Those gentlemen we mean whom you described sometime ago as "men of high moral character, men with whom you would trust your life,—with whom you would not be afraid to trust your wife or your daughter."

When you say that there are no known houses of prostitution you are either willfully misrepresenting the facts or else you are too ignorant of local conditions to occupy the position of chief of police. There is another place we wonder if you have ever heard of, Chief, or you, Mr. Park of the public safety department, or any other commissioner playing into the Park-Grant combination. It is called the Dunbar club. It is on South State street—not very far south—a colored club, open day and night, where white people and colored gentlemen can get drinks any time they want them, and where there is an open "crap" game and all kinds of card games are in progress and where the nocturnal pleasures are not confined to the various diversions of the male sex alone. Possibly you may say that as it is a club you have no jurisdiction over it, but you know it is a disorderly place and so does every one else who knows anything about it.

But we wonder, Chief, and Mr. Park, if you ever stop to consider how the club got by the law making it necessary for a club to own five

thousand dollars worth of property. Isn't it true, Chief, and Mr. Park, that this club is left alone because of the high position and influence of someone who receives the rental, someone who joins magnanimously in the praise of your spotless administration and criticizes those decent citizens who are aware of your blunders and who realize that your vaunted zeal in having your sleuths prosecute and persecute offenders of less moment is only a thinly veiled blind?

Would it be embarrassing for you Chief, or for you, Mr. Park, or for someone who is very much interested in the Dunbar club, to mention who someone is or what position he holds? We imagine that it would be. And so we refrain from saying anything about it just now, but please, Chief, don't think everybody is gullible and swallows everything you say as readily as your champion who is conducting the page in the Tribune where the editorials used to appear.

But to revert, why don't you and Mr. Park take an evening off, Chief, and try to find out something about this Dunbar club of which you know nothing? Not only does its hospitality extend to the members of its own race and white men but there are no objections if white "ladies" call, and neither is any hour of the night a bar to their visits. You are a great little Chief but some people think that if you had a particle of shame or any conscientiousness in your work you would resign before making the asinine confession in an official report that you do not know what is going on in this town.

The Lilywhites Again

It has been some time since the longhaired gentlemen of the ministerial association have favored us with one of their periodical diatribes, pointing out how all but themselves are headed for perdition with hell-fire trimmings.

The Hotel Utah grill seems to be the principal object of their attack which is addressed to Governor Spry and which would lead one to believe that something is going on at the Hotel grill nightly that is not entirely respectable. In the Hotel Utah grill and cafe there has never been a time when the law has not been obeyed strictly to the letter. It has been impossible to get a drink in either one after hours, nothing has ever been served on Sunday, and to say that any respectable citizen cannot take his wife or daughter to the grill as it is being conducted is a statement which stamps those making it as narrow meddlers and busybodies talking of

something of which they know nothing and intent only upon hurting the legitimate business of a concern and making it impossible for a very large number of people to enjoy themselves as they should.

The shriek of those particular psalm singers has been hushed for a long time, but now that there are places where those who have no desire to break the law can go and be entertained just as there are in any first class city in America, they have begun their bray again and set forth their creed of: You do as I do and I say or you are not a Christian. A fine cluster of narrow-minded sensationalists bidding for cheap advertising and praying that the spotlight may now and then settle upon their countenances.

The communication is signed by D. E. Carter and B. F. Bronson, whoever they are, and the latter is said to have stated that the public morals committee of the alliance had conducted an investigation to get evidence that the law was being violated. If those men and their associates are so zealous to cleanse the real filth existing, why don't they start in the dens that are allowed to flourish under the approval of the administration and quit blackguarding the town by making reference to a place that is just as respectable as the home of any of them? These dens of vice have existed for the past two years during which we have been spared by these gentlemen of the cloth. Why the cessation of their braying until this time, when in response to the demands of the better element, those who have traveled and enjoyed themselves in cities, a place is established where good music may be heard and dancing indulged in, a place that has the approval of the strongest and most influential men and women in the community, and the endorsement of at least one of those who is affiliated with them in their work.

Perhaps if Manager Relf or Manager Wyatt or Manager Wille were urged they could arrange to reproduce scenes in their cabarets picturing the Salem witch stuff and other religious persecutions born of just such bigotry as you are displaying in your hypocritical effort to correct imaginary wrongs.

In the cafes of the city the law regarding the serving of liquor should be strictly obeyed and wherever it is not, the place should be closed up. If we had a police department that played no favorites where one cafe would be compelled to adhere to the line just as strictly as another and where each cafe proprietor would make a hard and fast rule not to transgress, there would be nothing to criticize in any of the cafes at any

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